

# Looking for Trolls

by The Holocron

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Summary: Already sick of his first year as an immortal, Jack Frost goes to Father Time, hoping to go back and prevent his own death. Ombric makes it clear though that he cannot undo his past, but the boy doesn't listen and throws himself into the time machine. Where will he land? And more importantly, what will he do with the new found friendship he discovers there?

## 1. Chapter 1

"\_Dear reader.\_"

\_If you are a Hijack shipper go ahead and read the story. If you are like me and prefer the idea of a platonic friendship between the Frosty elf and the adorkable Viking, then read the story all the same." (PS. This story has yet to be finished and edited)\_

# Looking for Trolls

## Chapter 1

The Moon shone brightly down from the black void of the sky, causing the snow that covered the ground to glisten. It was a silent night, even the majority of animals scattered throughout the woodland remained huddled in their lodgings. A pin branch snapped sideways, the thick snow that had accumulated on it flying off as a strong wind and a lone figure sped past. Jack Frost squinted as tiny snow particles stung his face slightly as he flew across the globe. Eventually he came to the stronghold of Ombric, the Father of Time, and landed carefully, his feet patting a little as he came to a stop. He looked up at the grand building and, resting his staff on his shoulder, he carefully approached it. Jack stepped inside, the protective magic not seeing him as a threat and noted that his heart and intentions were pure. Jack walked quietly down the halls of Ombric's home, careful not to disturb anyone, stepping into the room that held the old Time Machine. Breathing deeply, but looking

determined, the boy strode over to it, touching the device to invoke the magic inside it. "Going back?" a quiet voice spoke behind him and Jack gasped, turning around. Ombric stood behind him, his arms folded neatly in his robes. He walked over carefully. "Things are probably very different now for your friend."

Jack's head bobbed from side to side in an admitting gesture. "Yeah I know but, I promised him."

"You know Jack Frost from the moment I heard of you, you have confused me," Ombric said, rubbing his beard.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Jack asked.

"You came into being at the end of the sixteen hundreds...but your legend had been going around for centuries before then." Ombric said quietly, easing himself down onto a stone bench.

Jack blinked a few times and then took a cautious step forward. "Wait...you mean because I went back..." he hesitated, slowly looking up. "I started my own legend?"

"It would explain your early America heritage, but not your Norwegian origins." Father Time confirmed, nodding sagely.

Jack turned away, facing the portal the time machine had made. "I'll be back,"

"Jack Frost," Ombric said, kindly, but warningly. "Be careful how much you jump into something that is not of your nature."

Jack cringed as flash backs came to his mind. A war, a darkness, and a life that sapped away his very center. He had barely escaped it. He shook his head, setting his jaw. "I'll be fine." he turned his head back to face him. "And I'll be back." With that, Jack jumped into the portal, swirling and vanishing into time.

## 2. Chapter 2

### Chapter 2

"Just what exactly did happen in Scotland?" Tooth asked the other Guardians as they all sat around a warm, stone hearth at the North Pole. After working hard for several weeks after their last victory, the Guardians had decided to spend a night in one another's company. They were even able to convince Pitch, the newest Guardian, to join them, even though social gatherings were not his cup of tea. They had been disappointed when Jack hadn't shown up, but quickly forgot about the negative feeling when Tooth brought up that particular question. It had been a question of great debate over the decades, and an even more popular subject when they had actually gotten to know Jack Frost. "I mean I only know a tiny bit," Tooth admitted, shrugging a little and brushing back some of her feathers.

"How much?" Bunnymund asked. "I mean rumor has it that it was in Scotland but it was actually closer to Norway. It was an island named Berk, I had been there a couple of times, and I saw some wild stuff."

"Ah!" Pitch laughed. "I was a regular on that miserable little spit of rock. I know exactly what happened there."

"Why do you worry about it anyway Tooth?" North asked, bumping her arm slightly with his large hand. "You know Jack goes all googly eyes when he looks at you."

Tooth flushed a little. "Yes North, thank you, but I am still curious. You see I was collecting a little kids tooth at the time that saw Jack. The poor kiddo had been punched by some boisterous twins, hence why I was called to the scene."

"Ah yes, and I was there for their version of Christmas the one time, and I could have sworn Jack was there," North commented.

"So let's all take a step back shall we?" Bunny suggested. "And tell our stories in order one at a time. Together we can answer to time honored question of what actually happened. You start Tooth."

Tooth floated up into the air so the others could see her, folding her hand. "Well...like I said, it happened when I went to collect a tooth, I was running behind schedule at the time. But I was in luck because the father of the boy had taken his son out fishing early that morning, so I was able to snag it in broad daylight. But it was on my way back that I saw Jack..."

\*\*\*Ten year old Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III made his way through the woods of Berk. His father Stoik had taken him out for some father and son time, but Hiccup's mind had begun to wander. He was a runt, tiny for a Viking child, but Stoik was still holding onto the hope that he would grow into a big, strong warrior like the others by the time he was a teenager. Maybe it was because the idea of fishing bored Hiccup, or maybe it was the stress of having to listen to his father talk relentlessly about how he needed to work to become big and strong. In any event, the little boy had slipped away and was now making his way further up the river. He huffed and puffed happily as he looked around the pin trees with the morning mist surrounding them and how the steamy like air floated silently off the water beside him. He came to a stop, tripping slightly and looking ahead to where a tiny wooden bridge stretched over the river. He gasped, slowly starting to smile. "Trolls," he breathed. Hiccup fumbled a little reaching into his pocket, taking out his tiny dagger. Approaching cautiously, he stepped up on the bridge, stomping three times. There was silence, the water babbling from bellow the wooden planks he was standing on.

"You know if you're looking for trolls..." Jack said, floating down and landing behind him. "You might want to get some billy goats."

Hiccup gasped, turning around, dropping his dagger. He relaxed a little when he saw Jack, seeing that he wasn't actually a troll and not even scary. "Oh!" he said, dusting his fur coat. "Well I uh...though that they might come up."

Jack leaned forward, frowning. "You see me don't you?"

"Uh...yeah," Hiccup said. "I'm not blind."

"Well um," Jack said, trying to process this. "Well I meanâ€¦do you

know who I am?"

Hiccup frowned, bending down and picking up his dagger. "A local?"

Jack deflated. So close. He was that close to have somebody really and truly believe in him. This little tyke saw him alright, but he thought he was just a local. H laughed softly, ducking and shaking his head. "No, no I'm not a local. I'm Jack Frost."

Hiccup stared at him, slowly nodding. "Good for you!" he said hesitantly, and then lifted the knife. "Wait minute, you're not actually a troll are you?"

"What? No!" Jack said scoffing with a grin. "I'm the guy who makes it snow."

There was an uncomfortable silence as Hiccup starred at him. He stuffed his dagger away, pointing up at him as he walked off the bridge. "Then I hate you," he said.

"What?!" Jack said. "Hey!" he floated down, walking next to him. "What for? Haven't you ever had a fun day playing in the snow?"

Hiccup thought back to what having snowball fights with Snotlout and the Thorstin twins was like. He twisted his lips to one side, shaking his head. "Nope." with that he ran ahead. "Dad!" he called.

"Son! Where did you go running off to?" Stoik called from the tree line. "You missed me catching a whopper, where were ya?"

"I was looking for trolls!" Hiccup called, disappearing into the mist.

Jack let his head rest against his staff, heaving a sigh. "Cute kid," he murmured before floating up into the trees.

\*\*\*"Last I heard after that Jack visited the boy on and off over the next few months. Apparently Hiccup was still moody knowing that Jack made so much snow, but at least they were able to talk with each other without being bullied." Tooth finished, kneeling back down.

Pitch rubbed his chin. "Just how did you get so much information from an obscure place like Berk?" he asked.

"Do you know how fast people lose teeth there?" Tooth countered and Pitch shrugged.

"That makes sense,"

"But Jack is only 300 years old, how was he around back then?" North said.

Sandy raised his hand, various images appearing over his head. None of them really understood what he was saying, but Bunnymund did recognize one image. "Oi, that's Ombric's place. Jack must have used the Time Machine. One can only dwell in the past for so long before Ombric has to set things straight again."

"Yes, yes, very fascinating," Pitch said. "But now," he leaned forward. "It's time for me to tell my story. You see, I was there when the boy was a teenager."

"So was I," Bunny reminded him and Pitch waved him away.

"Yes but I get the first part. Now, like I said, I was a regular at Berk. Normally I contented myself scarring the bejebers out of the town's folk. But the last time I dropped by was different, very different..."

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Chapter 3

Hiccup, now a boy of fourteen, let out his breath in an explosive sigh. He pulled his head off of his desk and tromped over to a folded up contraption. He laid a hand on it carefully. His lips tightened and his eyes set in a frown. "I'll kill that Night Fury," he muttered. "I'll be the first and I'll finally be accepted." he said a little louder.

"Wow," Jack said, suddenly appearing in the window. "You look pretty cute when you're all determined like that."

Hiccup whirled around, hands setting firmly on the contraption behind him. "Who are...! Wait...Jack Frost?"

"The one and only," Jack said sliding inside and rolling his neck.

"Whoa..." Jack breathed.

"Whoa?"

"I mean uh...!" Hiccup said nervously, rubbing his arm. "It's been a while."

"Yes it has," Jack said, standing close to him and smiling down at the young Viking.

Hiccup tugged at his collar, breathing in steadily. "You are so much more..." he worked to find the right word. "bigger...now?"

Jack laughed, catching Hiccups chin with one finger. "I haven't changed a bit. It's you who's gotten bigger and more..."

Hiccup's eyes fluttered closed for a moment, his chin lifting. "More?" he barely whispered.

Jack's swallowed, his throat muscles contracting as tension built. Hiccups fingers stretched, slowly reaching out and just barely touching Jack's torso. The tension broke like a thunderclap as the two pressed into on another, kissing passionately, Jack stripping off his undershirt and brown vest. The two reeled for a moment before tripping and falling back onto the floor.

\*\*\*"Pitch that is a outright lie!" Tooth said, shooting into the air,

her feathers raising with slight anger.

A large fan appeared in Sandy's hand he fanned himself profusely, whistling silently.

"Is it now?" Pitch said, looking up and lounging back in his seat.

"Yes!" Tooth said, crossing her arms.

"Prove it," Pitch said, grinning.

Tooth sputtered, searching for the right words. "Well obviously...Hiccup was underage."

"Hmmm yes, that didn't matter back then," Pitch reminded her. "And I never considered Jack the most cautious person ever anyway."

"Guys," Tooth said, turning to the others. North gulped, glancing over at Pitch and shrugged. "\_Guys!\_" Tooth said, a little frosted.

"You're on your own Tooth sorry," Bunny said.

"Fine," Tooth said coolly, turning back Pitch. "Hiccup likes girls. The one named Astrid had his eye."

"Bi." Pitch replied, folding his own arms. "The runt could totally swing for both,"

"Well Jack and I happen to be seeing each other sooo..." she said casually, turning away.

"Not back then," Pitch said with a wolfish grin and Tooth stopped. "Also," Pitch went on. "Were back to the issue of bi sexy adolescence,"

"What you just described in your little fairy tale is totally ridiculous and out of character," Tooth said, raising a little further into the air.

"How come?" Pitch asked, leaning up and meeting her eyes.

Tooth gave a little laugh, snubbing him. "Because Jack never takes his shirt off that fast during sex."

The others around the camp fire looked up, North accidentally swallowing half a cookie whole. Sandy promptly put away his fan, sucking in his lips and not making eye contact. Tooth's face flushed dark red and she sank back into her seat, folding her hands. Pitch starred at her, his eyebrows in his hairline. He licked his lips, and then leaned over to Bunnymund. "I think it's time you told your part."

Bunny cleared his throat. "Right then. Moving on from that subject. Now what you have to understand is that I really thought Jack was a little jealous for Hiccup, but I never realized how bad it was until I dropped by the one day..."

\*\*\*Late on a cold winters night, Astrid and Hiccup carefully walked

up to the Haddock lodgings, chatting and laughing quietly. They stopped at the door and Hiccup turned to her, giving a tiny smile. "Well...good night, Astrid."

"Yeah..." she said, brushing a bit of her hair away, and then quickly leaning in and kissing him. She pulled away. "What you did today...uniting us with the dragons, saving the village, I..." she shrugged her shoulders, laughing again. "I just don't know what to say."

"That you'll see me tomorrow?" Hiccup asked teasingly.

Astrid smiled, turning away to hid it and punching his arm slightly. "Sure," she said, and then jogged off into the dark.

Hiccup watched her go, gave a thumbs up to Toothless who was perched on the roof, and stepped into his house. He yawned, stretching his arms over his head and walking up into his room. He was just making his way to the bed, when a cold voice called to him from the corner. "So this is what I come back to?"

Hiccup gasped, facing him. "Jack?! I didn't realize you would be back so soon!" he stammered, looking around nervously.

Jack, his face stony, stepped out of the darkness, holding one of Stoik's axes. "After all we did together this little blond thing shows up and you forget all about me!"

"No it's not like that!" Hiccup said desperately. "She just, we're not, I mean I hardly know whether you exist or not for Thor's sake Jack!"

"I loved you before you were a celebrated hero! I loved you for who you were!" Jack reached out, grabbing Hiccup by the collar and throwing him across the room. He landed flat on his back, scrambling slightly. Jack stood over him. "But then she comes out of the blue, after you save the day. Well..." he twirled the axe once. "That dragon of yours...he only has one tail fin..."

"Wait!" Hiccup called, holding up one hand. "Don't!"

"Like rider..." Jack said, hauling the axe over his head. "Like dragon!"

"No...!" Hiccup yelled, the axe arching down, and severing his leg.

\*\*\*"Wait..." North said, squinting at Bunny. "Jack...cut off Hiccup's...foot?"

"That's the way I remember it," Bunny said casually.

"But that's stupid!" Pitch said, standing up.

"Thank you!" Tooth called.

"Hiccup's stump had burns, it was burned off." Pitch said, waving his hand.

Bunny lowered his head, thinking.

\*\*\*Hiccup stepped into his house, strolling over and seating himself at the hearth. "So this is what I come back to?" Jack's cold voice called, the figure strolling down the stairs.

"Huh? Jack?! You're real?"

"Of course I'm real! I'm the one who loved you from the day I met you!" Jack roared

Hiccup stood. "You met me when I was ten!" he said. "That's a little creepy Jack. And you were gone for so long, please let's just talk!"

"Enough!" Jack yelled, picking him up with one strong hand. "Let's see if your girlfriend likes you with only one foot!" with that he plunged Hiccup's leg into the fire, the boy's yell echoing through all of Berk.

\*\*\*"Bunny" Tooth said chidingly. "Burning half a leg off like that would take a really long time."

Bunny glanced up at her, his eyes squinting.

\*\*\*Hiccups scream eventually faded and he gasped harshly, looking down at his leg that was still plunged in the fire place, and then up at Jack, who was staring into his eyes with burning hatred. Hiccup inhaled, and then let out another long yell of pain.

\*\*\*"No, no, no!" Tooth said, flitting into the air again, her fists closed. "You miss my point. That would never happen, somebody would hear, Hiccup would struggle, that whole situation is messed up."

"It supposed to be messed up," Bunny said.

"As in logically it doesn't even work," Tooth said.

"I agree with Tooth," North said. "Hiccup's leg was also pretty badly broken as well, last I heard anyway. It was amputated."

Bunny glanced at them, and then rubbed his chin again.

\*\*\*Hiccup and Astrid weren't walking to Hiccup's house that night after all. Instead, they were walking to Gobber's workshop, hoping for some private time. They had just pushed themselves inside and wrapped their arms around each other, when they saw that the fire was still burning inside, the coals blazing from being pumped by the billows. "Hiccup?" Astrid said. "Did you leave the fire going? Please tell me that Gobber isn't somewhere in here!"

"Oh Gobber's not here, that's for sure," Jack said darkly. Stepping out of the shadows...again, only this time he was holding a red hot ax.

"Jack!?" Hiccup gasped. "Wait a minute! I can explain!"

"No!" Jack yelled. "I'm cutting off your leg so you're like your dragon!"

"What?! Why?!"



"Because I love you!"

Hiccup shook his head. "But that doesn't even make any sense!"

To enraged to listen, Jack dashed forward, searing off his leg with the hot metal, making the combination of a burnt, cut, an crushed leg.

\*\*\*"Ok, now you're not even trying." Tooth said, frowning at him. "What your obsession with this horror story, foot chopping theme anyway?"

Bunny shrugged moodily. Put out by the fact that his story didn't take off the way he imagined it. "I dunno, it was the kind of stories I grew up on you know?"

"Story telling is nice," Pitch consented. "But we are trying to figure out what \_actually\_ happened remember?"

"And I suppose your little recount of the past was historically accurate?" Bunny challenged defensively.

"Gentlemen!" North called. "You are forgetting important part."

"And what's that mate?"

"It is my turn to tell the story!" North declared cheerily, clapping his hands.

"Oh, finally," Tooth sighed. "Somebody who will tell it like it is."

"Yes," North confirmed. "No more of this villainizing of Jack. It was on another cold night, when I was going to deliver presents on what I believe was called Snogeltog, their version of Christmas, that was when I saw Hiccup and Jack together..."

#### 4. Chapter 4

##### Chapter 4

Hiccup walked out of the great hall, standing in front of the large wooden tree like structure. He glanced around the village circling him and let out a deep breath. Jack slowly floated down from the sky, landing on the pathway ahead of him. "Hey!" he called, and then hesitated, seeing his face. "Hiccup? Hiccup it's me Jack! What's wrong?"

Hiccup slowly turned to face him. "My dragon left me."

Jack inhaled sharply. "Oh no! Why would Toothless leave?"

Hiccup shook his head. "No idea." he exhaled. "But it doesn't matter now. It'll all be over soon."

Jack frowned. "What are you talking about Hiccup?" he asked suspiciously, but what happened next answered his question. The houses around the village exploded into flames, the large shield

adorned 'tree' erupting into flames.

Hiccup spread his hands, laughing manically and jumping off one of the cliff ledges and landing in a boat. It rose into the air as dozens of dragons pulled in into the sky, spraying fire down onto the village bellow. "With Toothless gone there is nothing else to live for! So I will end this chapter of Berk's history!"

"Never!" Jack yelled, flying into the air and swinging his staff. Hiccup drew his dagger, the two locking in deadly combat. Jack froze Hiccup's arm to the mast and ran towards him, but the boy stuck out his foot, kicking him back, and then beginning to cut the ropes holding the dragons. "What are you doing?!" Jack yelled.

"Go on Jack!" Hiccup yelled at him.

"I won't leave you!"

"Then die with me!" Hiccup countered, slicing the last rope, the ship dropping, and crashing into the cliffs bellow.

\*\*\*"Naturally Jack survived," North said casually, leaning back as his story came to an end.

"Well!" Tooth said, not really sure whether to smile or not. "That was uh..."

"Soapy?" Pitch offered.

"Yeah really," Bunny said, folding his arms.

"Hey!" North said, waving a finger at his friend. "You make sappy comments in your story too! Come on, loosen up. This is camp fire time!"

"But if we're going to make it up as we go along it may as well be good," Pitch pointed out.

"Hold it," Tooth said, holding up a hand. "Did anybody here remember that I wanted to know what actually happened in Berk?!"

They all glanced around at each other and Pitch rubbed his hands together in thought. "Well I did say something like that but I don't think I really meant it."

"Ok, ok, I joke," North said, laughing. "That didn't really happen. Here is what actually happenedâ€¦"

"North," Tooth said, looking tired. "Are you being serious?"

"I swear on Christmas that I am telling truth. I just wanted to beâ€¦|what's the word."

"A jackass," Pitch said.

"Good enough," North replied, rubbing his hands together again. "Here is what I actually witnessed, while on the roof of Hiccup's house."

## 5. Chapter 5

### Chapter 5

Hiccup carefully set his freshly washed helmet next to the fire place. Using his good foot, he shoved it sideways so it was off center. That was it could dry thoroughly overnight, without getting too hot. "There we go," he said, smiling up at the ceiling where he knew Toothless would be perched on the roof. "Thanks again buddy," stretching an arm over his head the young Viking went upstairs. "I hope Odin can find my helmet," he teased, jogging up the stairs, carefully, and rolling into bed.

"Good night son!" Stoik called from downstairs and Hiccup jumped slightly.

"Good night dad," he called, relaxing again in his bed. Toothless dropped down from the rafters and heated his stone slab before curling up on it. Hiccup smiled over at him fondly. "Good night Toothless, happy Snogelto." He was just about to drift off, when a single, white snowflake drifted down, and touched his nose. Hiccup stirred and rolled over in his bed, pulling the cover closer around him. But then his eyes popped open, a familiar coming to him. He sat up, briefly touching his nose and looking around. "Jack?" he breathed, getting out of bed, and then running over to the window. Pushing it open, he saw the young Guardian perched on his staff, floating in the air.

Jack gave a small, sad smile. "Hi Hiccup."

Hiccup let out a soft laugh. "So it wasn't just my imagination." His face fell slightly. "You're real. But why now? Where were you the past five years?"

Jack gave an apologetic shrug. "Time flew by guess." And when Jack said 'time flew by' he meant that he had been unable to get back into Father Time's castle since the first time he had trespassed, and consequently had no idea how the time continuum between his time and Hiccup's worked.

"Well come on in, you can tell me all about it," Hiccup said, stepping aside quickly to give him passage. "Keep it down though, I don't want dad to hear us."

"What's the big deal?" Jack asked slyly as he glided inside, letting his feet rest on the floor. "It's not like he can see me."

"Well I don't know about where you come from," Hiccup explained. "But around here we pretty much believe in everything."

"Yeah, how that that?" Jack murmured, looking at the room, and the turning his head back to face the young Viking. "Is that a dragon sleeping in your room?"

"Um..." Hiccup said, rubbing his arm. "Yes..."

"But I thought you guys hated those things," Jack said, begging to smile.

"It's a long story," Hiccup said.

Jack's face suddenly dropped as his eyes glanced down. "Holy shit!" he barely whispered.

"What?" Hiccup asked, examining himself.

"Holy shit your foot!" Jack exclaimed, pointing down. "What happened to your foot!?"

"Shhh!" Hiccup hissed harshly, putting a finger to his lips. "Like I said its long story. Now you have to tell me first, why were you gone for so long. What happened?"

"What?!" Jack whispered back. "You want me to tell you about my gallivanting when you have a story that involves a dragon, and a missing foot!?"

"Gallivanting?" Hiccup frowned suspiciously. "Gallivanting? You mean you left me for five years because you had some gallivanting to do?"

"Hey, I have no idea how much time passes in the past in comparison to the present," Jack said.

"Oh yeah? How long did it take you to check?" Hiccup challenged.

"Um!" Jack rubbed the back of his head. "It took about five years. But that's not all my fault I had some real trouble trying to break into the place with the Time Machine!" He hastily pointed out.

"Really?" Hiccup said, folding his arms with a scowl. "How many times did you try?"

"Many." Jack retaliated flatly.

"Was the owner of this fortress a friend of yours?"

"He was!" Jack hesitated. "Um!" kind of yes." He looked away.

"Oh my gods," Hiccup said. "You didn't even ask him. You just tried to break in because that wasn't as humbling!"

"That's a lot of words you just put in my mouth!" Jack said, pointing a finger.

"But it's the truth!" Hiccup exclaimed. "That's what you're like Jack! Stubborn!" he paced in a brief circle. "Five years Jack! Five! That's how much time you waited, that's how long I waited. You left me!"

"Ok look I'm sorry I was away for so long!" Jack said, spreading his arms. "But it's not like I was your only friend in the world!"

"Yes you were!" Hiccup said and silence filled the room. Hiccup swallowed dryly and looked away. "Yeah, I have friends now, the people who used to bully me in fact, and the dragon I used to want to kill. You know when I actually made friends with them? Earlier this

year, a few months, tops. Before that I had no friends, just a mentor, and a dad who, at the time, didn't understand me."

Jack's arms had lowered at this point and he let his staff lean on the wall. He walked over to Hiccup, and then carefully wrapped his arms around him. Hiccup stood motionless for a moment, his eyes still down cast, and then he reached up and returned the hug. The two of them stood like that for a long time, and then Hiccup gave a sigh and Jack gave his arm a small squeeze. "Ok," he said, looking him in the eyes. "I promise that I won't take so long next time. Now time is funny, so there is no guarantee when I'll show up. But when I leave, I'll get myself back into that Time Machine within the year."

Hiccup sniffed once and rubbed his eye with a woolen sleeve, shaking his head briefly and looking up at him. "Sounds good. So you tell me your story and I'll tell you mine?"

"I can work with that," Jack replied, sitting on the bed.

Hiccup plunked himself down next to him. "Ok," he said. "But we are going to have to do it reality quickly. There's no doubt dad heard our racket, he'll be peaking in here as soon as he's done playing Odin."

\*\*\*Downstairs, Stoik watched the ceiling apprehensively, the shouting had died down and the large man was burning with curiosity. Had Hiccup gotten into a fight with Toothless? No that didn't make sense. Astrid maybe? Astrid better not be up there in the dead of night! Stoik thought to himself. He stroked his beard and looked between Hiccup's helmet and then the upstairs, conflicted as to what to do first. Finally, he shook his head and stomped over to the closet, digging into the back of it. "If there was danger Toothless could take care of him, and my boy is smart enough to call for help," Stoik murmured, pulling out a leather bag and walking back over to the fireplace. He was just about to put the new portable leather tool pouch, saddle polish, various candied fruit, and even a small jar of specially seasoned raw, pickled fish in or around the helmet when he hesitated. "It's just not right unless he wakes up to it. Plus this'll kill two birds with one stone." he said quietly. Stuffing the gifts back into the bag, Stoik tiptoed up stairs, and cracked open the door. Hiccup rolled over in his bed, raising his head slightly.

"Dad?" he said groggily.

"Hi son, sorry to wake you," Stoik whispered, waving slightly. "It's just that your helmet is done drying, so I brought it up for you."

Hiccup smiled sleepily. "Thanks dad,"

"You're welcome," Stoik replied, setting the helmet down on the desk. From underneath the bed, Jack stared at Stoik's massive boot, only a few inches from him. Sucking in his breath, he pushed himself back further into the dark of the under bed. Stoik rolled his shoulders, and then rubbed his arms. "It's a touch chilly in here," he turned his head, seeing the open window. He gave a small chuckle, walking over to it. "Son," he laughed quietly. "Odin will be able to get inside just fine, no need to freeze yourself in the process."

"Oh yeahâ€|" Hiccup laughed nervously. "Right."

Stoik hummed as he took a peek out the window. There was no sign that somebody had climbed up his wall, nor were there any Astrid sized foot prints. Relaxing a little, he pulled the window shut. "Good night son."

"Night dad," Hiccup called. The door closed, and Hiccup deflated with a huge sigh, sitting up. "Ok, you can come out." He said, and Jack rolled out from under the bed, giving a grin.

"That was fun." He said.

"For you maybe," Hiccup replied. "I'm just glad he didn't see your staff."

\*\*\*Stoik stepped the rest of the way down the stairs, and then stopped dead. There was a large figure, seemingly walking out of the fireplace. Pulling an axe off of the wall, he faced the figure. "Don't take another step or I'll cleave you in two."

North looked up, his eyes wide. "Oh," he said, glancing to the left and right.

"Take off that belt of yours and let those swords fall to the ground. No need for this to get messy on such a nice holiday," Stoik said darkly. He did not recognize this man, and sure he had the beard and build of a Viking but his dialect was strange to him, as were his weapons.

North held up his hands peacefully. "Please friend," he said. "I only come bearing a gift for you and your son."

"So you know who we are?" Stoik asked, his eyes flaring.

"Of courseâ€|I am Santa Clause." Stoik raised an eyebrow, looking unimpressed, so North tried again. "Bringer of gifts on his joyous season."

Stoik's eyes narrowed. "Everybody knows it is Odin who brings us these gifts, not to mention us loving parents. Now enough lies, we can sort this out in the morning." Turning his axe sideways so that the broad side of it would be the part that struck, Stoik swung his weapon with controlled power. North reached up and grabbed the weapon, yanking it from his hands, Stoik's fist came up, hitting in the face. North returned to punch, sending Stoik reeling. The chief of Burk was awestruck at the amount of power this strange man possessed, but he still had no intention to back down. Charging forward, he tackled North, the two of the bursting out the back door, rolling into the snow. The slug fest that ensued between the two men was one of legend.

North hauled Stoik up into the air, throwing him across the yard. Stoik rolled to his feet, charging in again and locking hands with his opponent. North grunted, getting in his face. "I only come bearing gifts!" he said, spinning Stoik off his feet. But this time Stoik did not go flying. Instead, he dropped his weight, planted himself firmly on the ground and yanked North down, sending the Guardians face into the snow. North pushed himself up, shaking his head, and was blown sideways as Stoik executed a massive right hook.

The chief pounced upon him, deliver blow after blow. North blocked and countered, the two of them getting thrashed simultaneously. Eventually, Stoik reached forward, pulling North's swords out of their scabbards and kicking North back. "Ah ha!" he roared triumphantly. His call was cut short as Santa's sleigh knocked him sideways.

Stoik blinked several times, sitting up in his living room. He frowned. Why was I on the floor? He wondered, and then saw the bag of goodies next to the hearth. He gasped and got up. "I must have drifted off!" he whispered, grabbing the bag and quickly creeping upstairs. He hurried into Hiccups room and hurriedly filled his helmet with the goodies. He frowned, seeing various gears, polished wood pieces and springs wrapped in a small bundle. It was just the kind of things Hiccup would use for leg modifications. "Did I get these?" Stoik murmured to himself, looking at them closely. He shrugged, putting them on. "I must have." Sniffing once and rubbing his nose, which was a little sore for some reason, Stoik slid back out of the room.

## 6. Chapter 6

### Chapter 6

"So let me get this straight—" Bunny said. "You fought Stoik the vast?"

"The one and only," North said. "Oh it was a marvelous fight!"

"Yes," Pitch muttered under his breath. "Simply unbelievable."

North gave him a sour look. "What? You doubt?"

"I find it highly unlikely," Pitch replied.

"North," Tooth said carefully, laying a hand on his arm. "The story sounded reasonable, and believable, until that whole fight started. I mean, how did Hiccup not hear that commotion?"

North laughed nervously, rubbing his neck. "Well—you see, we were both such great warriors, we executed our battle in total silence."

"Ha!" Pitch laughed and Tooth cringed.

"Sorry North, but you really don't do anything quietly."

"Much less have a showdown with one of the world's largest and strongest Vikings," Bunny added.

"He may not want to admit what actually happened," Pitch said. "But Jack was under the bed, my domain. I was just on my way to give the little runt a holiday nightmare."

"That's awful Pitch," Tooth said, giving him a dirty look.

"Isn't it though?" Pitch said proudly. "Anyway, I know why Stoik and

North's fight went uninterrupted. You see, Hiccup was just about get up and help his dad whenâ€|"

\*\*\*Hiccup sat straight up in bed, hearing the fight out in his yard. "Dad?!" he called, getting up.

Jack stood up from where he had been hiding. "Hiccup wait!" he called.

"It sounds like he's fighting someone!" Hiccup said, facing him. "I have to go make sure he's ok!"

Jack starred at him for a desperate moment, his shoulders lowering. "But you might not come backâ€|" he said quietly.

Hiccups eyes widened as he looked at him, and then the two embraced, kissing each other. Jack grasped Hiccups head tightly, turning his head to the side as the two sank to the floor. Hiccup rolled so that he was laying on top of Jack. From behind, Toothless got up from his bed, and came over to the two of them, placing himself so that his feet were on either side of Hiccup, his tail flicking, and hind legs spreading.

\*\*\*"Oh my god!" Bunny said, covering his ears as Tooth shot into the sky like a rocket.

"Gaaah!" North half yelled, scrubbing his eyes with the palms of his hands. Large sand corks appeared in Sandy's ears as he gave Pitch a weirded out look.

Pitch stopped, looking at them all with mock surprise. "Is something wrong?" he asked.

Tooth shot back down so that she was eye level with him, fixing Pitch with a death glare. Pitch unconsciously reached up and touched his jaw, a flash of nervousness coming over him. "Pitch," Tooth said coolly. "What did you actually do and see in Norway?"

Pitch's face became serious. "Scared the locals, made them fear the unknown, so on and so forth." He stopped, his tongue sliding over his lips once. "And some things, I would rather keep to myself."

Tooth huffed, nodding once. "Ok," she turned to North. "North, what really happened with that fight?"

North shrugged ashamedly. "Sleigh knocked out Stoik, Hiccup came outside, saw me, Jack had to get him calmed down, Sandy had to come. Sandy knocked them out, accidentally hit Jack too. Altered their memory a little so none of them would remember. And I only had enough time to drag Stoik to living room and throw boys onto the bed before I had to go."

Tooth rubbed her forehead. "Oi vei," she sighed. "But then you had get running so the rest of the presents could get delivered."

North nodded. "I know nothing more."

There was silence, and Bunnymund flopped back against the wall. "So were all out? I mean, those chumps on Berk don't celebrate Easter, so yeahâ€|I wasn't actually there."



"Sandy was too far away to notice anything thing," Tooth said.

"Oh yes," Pitch said mildly. "That totally the reason why we won't get a story out of him."

Sandy gave Pitch a small glare before shrugging and turning back to the others. Tooth continued. "I was there a lot due to excessive tooth loss, and you were there a lot Pitch, don't you have any more info? Real info mind you!" she warned.

Pitch shrugged. "What can I say, I wasn't actually paying attention to Jack's little love life."

There was another spell of silence, and then Tooth shrugged. "Well I guess that answers the question then. Obviously, from what we have gathered, Jack and Hiccup were just good friends."

Pitch snorted. "Sure, go with that," he said with a small laugh. "It's not like Jack would ever admit to anything anyway."

"You know whatâ€|?" Tooth said, turning on him, finger raised, but Bunny interrupted them.

"Hold up mates, someone's here."

Tooth turned around. "Jack?" she asked, thinking that for a moment he had changed his mind and come to join them after all. But it wasn't Jack who stepped into the fire lit circle, but Father Time.

"Ombric!" Bunny said happily, hopping over and greeting him with a quick hug.

"Hello my friends," Ombric said. "I'm sorry to intrude."

"Of course not," North said, motioning him over. "Please join us."

"Well I can't stay for long," the old wizard replied. "I need to make sure that fixed points in time stay fixed if you know what I mean."

"Ah," Tooth said, giving a small smile. "Is Jack causing trouble again?"

"Necessary trouble, but yes," Ombric replied. "But before we have any more questions, I have some answers for you. I overheard you all speculating as to what happened between Jack and the young Viking Hiccup. I believe I can enlighten you. I did see some things while on my way back to pull Jack back to where he needed to be, and fix up the past in generalâ€|"

## 7. Chapter 7

### Chapter 7

Hiccup shifted in his bed, rolling around, and then sitting up. Toothless came over to him and nudged his arm, urging him to get up.

"Alright bud, I'm coming. We'll go flying in just a bit." He sighed. "Dad probably wants to watch me empty my helmet first."

Inhaling deeply, Jack sat up as well, rubbing his eyes. "Morningâ€|" he said quietly.

"Morning," Hiccup said automatically, and then froze. He and Jack slowly looked at each other.

They starred at one another for a few quiet moments, and then Jack casually let his jaw rest in his hand, setting his elbow on the hard bed. He gave Hiccup an easy smile. "Hi,"

"Oh gods," Hiccup said, scrambling and falling out of the bed.

Jack blinked in surprise, and then crawled over, peering down at him. "Are you ok?" he asked.

Hiccup shot up, brushing himself off and meeting Jack's eyes, stammering. "Did we just, I mean obviously we didn't, but did weâ€|?!"

"Sleep together?" Jack asked.

"Oh why would you say it like that?!" Hiccup groaned, grasping his head.

"Relax we didn't do anything," Jack said, leaning back on the bed and putting his arms over his head. "We just slept in the same bedâ€|I think"

"You think?!" Hiccup gasped. "Why would we sleep in the same bed, you don't even sleep right? I meanâ€|you're an elfâ€|of sortsâ€|I guess."

Jack's eyebrows had risen slightly at this point. "Woow," he said. "Thanks for breaking that down for me. And I don't knowâ€|I haven't slept in years. I don't need to." He sniffed. "Come to think of it, I don't remember going to sleep. I remember telling you about how I drowned, and how I don't remember anything other than the fact that I am Jack Frost."

"I remember listening," Hiccup confirmed, pacing a little. "And thenâ€|I dunno, I feel asleep I guess."

Jack worked his jaw. "We didn't get into any spiked yak nog did we?"

"Oh gods I hope not," Hiccup said, rubbing his face.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Jack said, sitting up now.

"What do you mean 'what's that supposed to mean?'" Hiccup mimicked. "It means I hope we didn't get drunk last night and somehow ended up sleeping together."

"And that's a problem becauseâ€|" Jack said, rolling one finger.

Hiccup starred at him. "Umâ€|"

"Because if I'm not your type" Jack interrupted and Hiccup made a short, semi indescribable noise, causing Jack to hesitate.

"Um," he said again, clearing his throat. "No Jack, look you're a really good looking guy and all, it's just that I am more of a woman kind of guy." He cringed slightly. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry," Jack said, scoffing once with a smile and waving a hand. "I was just curious."

"You're not upset?" Hiccup asked.

Jack stood up and slung his staff over his shoulder, hopping up on the bed post and spinning once. "Do I really seem that shallow?" he asked teasingly.

"Well," Hiccup said, rubbing his arm uncomfortably.

"Hiccup," Jack said, jumping down and looking him in the eyes. "Your friend I was just messing with you."

"So you're not upset?" Hiccup asked. "And you don't actually like me in that way?"

"Nope," Jack said, straightening. "I've always been the loner type. After all, I haven't known you for that long as an adult that is."

"Uh adult?" Hiccup said.

"We'll," Jack said with a shrug. "Close enough, I mean I'm seventeen, eighteen, one of those. And you're seventeen or so right?"

Hiccup starred at him, biting his lip a little. "Fifteen," he said.

Jack blinked. "Oh" he murmured under his breath. "Shit that would have been bad."

"So you do like me!" Hiccup said, smiling and pointing a finger.

Jack cringed. "Hey will you keep it down? And what are you smiling for?"

Hiccup stopped dead, and then looked away. "N-nothing," he stammered. "It's just that I thought Astrid was the first person to really like me like that but then tada! I've had a secret admirer and uh it's flattering I guess." Hiccup waited a few minutes, and then frowned, looking up. Jack was covering his mouth with one hand and snickering. "What?" Hiccup demanded. "What did I do? What are you laughing for? Jack!"

Jack reached out and gripped his head, ruffling his hair. "You are such a dork," he said, as Hiccup growled at him to let go. He took a step back, crossing his arms. "Now don't you have some presents to open up?"

Hiccup fixed his hair, giving him a small smile. "Yeah I do, but

Dad's going to want to watch."

"Aw don't worry; I'll stay out of sight." Jack said, and then blinked again, feeling a strange pull in his gut. He hummed slightly, rolling his neck. "You have a merry Snogeltog ok?"

"Huh? Are you leaving?" Hiccup asked, stepping over to him.

"Feels like it," Jack said. "Old Father Time probably has a few choice words for me since I snuck into his castle again."

"Will you be back?" Hiccup asked, looking a little scared.

Jack gave him a warm smile and gave him a tight hug. "I'll always come back!"

But Hiccup stopped him by reaching up and touching his mouth. "You'll always \_try\_ to come back," he said, looking him in the eye.

There was a moment of silence, and then Jack took his hand, nodding. "I will always try to come back." He assured the young Viking. Squeezing his hand once, Jack lifted into the air, and glided out the window.

## 8. Chapter 8

### Chapter 8

Everybody sat in silence around the fire as Ombric finished his part of the tale. There were a couple of glances around the hearth and the Guardians took in this information. Finally, Pitch spoke up first. "Yep," he said, turning his head towards Tooth. "Totally bi,"

"Pitch," Tooth said warningly.

"My dear," Ombric said casually. "Pitch is not exactly wrong."

At this Tooth looked a little uncomfortable, and Pitch, seeing it, decided to have another go at the fairy queen. "Oh, what's the matter?" He asked. "Getting a touch jealous? What? Are you afraid the deceased as of six hundred years ago Viking is going to steal your boyfriend's heart?"

"However," Ombric interjected. "That does not give him the right to be an asshole."

Pitch gave the old Legend a quick sneer, but then kept his mouth shut. Tooth breathed a thankful sigh, and then turned to Ombric. "So Jack visits Hiccup every year? That may seem long to some, but that kind of time flies by for us Legends."

"Yeah," Bunny grunted. "Take it from the guy who made the earth round, and that felt like yesterday."

"The Dark Ages," Pitch added, a happy sigh in his voice. "Ah...It was but moments ago."

"Yes," Ombric said. "With one exception, and that was when I first

dragged Jack back to his own time. He didn't break in after that until the year before he became a Guardian. However, it was because of his friendship with Hiccup that he was renewed with hope, and became the Jack we know today. The crafty, mischievous, fun loving fun. Oddly, whether it had been one year between his visits or nearly three hundred, five years have always passed on Berk between his visits.

"Is Jack going back tonight?" North asked. "Is that why he didn't join us?"

"Yes indeed," Ombric said. "After hearing about his and Hiccups friendship I granted Jack limited access to my machine."

"Let's see now," Pitch said, putting his arms behind his head as he leaned back. "If it's been five years there, then Hiccup must be one sexy twenty year old beast now." He glanced over with a grin, but it fell when he saw Tooth, beginning to fly away from the fire. "Where are you going?" he asked.

She turned around. "Hot chocolate," she said, jerking a thumb over her shoulder.

"Oh I seeâ€|perhaps some yak nog, commonly found on Berk, to go along with it I suppose?" Pitch asked, quirking an eyebrow.

Rolling her eyes, Tooth flew back over, folding her arms carefully and looking him in the eye. "Despite what you are desperately trying to imply Pitch, I am not the jealous type. Granted I was a little flustered at first, but I'm dropping it there. I trust Jack, and he has every reason in the world to go visit Hiccup. And whether he is bi or not doesn't matter to me because we still share mutual trust." She kept his gaze for another uncomfortable moment, and then raised her eyebrows. "Now I'm going to get my coca, would you like some while I'm in the kitchen?"

Pitch sneered slightly. "Three scoops, dark chocolate powder with a splash of rum."

"Hmm," Tooth hummed, satisfied with the answer. "North? Sandy? Anybody else want some?"

"Uhâ€|" North said, glancing over his shoulder. "Uh yes, rich please."

"Moca," Bunny said, starring at her cautiously.

"I'm fine thank you," Ombric said.

Tooth glanced over at Sandy. The Sandman scrunched up his face, thinking. With one hand he stuck up his middle finger, and with the other created a 'thumbs up.' Inspecting the two carefully, he finally nodded, holding to thumbs up towards Tooth, while casually holding out his other hand to Pitch. Tooth's wings did a small, satisfied flutter. "Thanks Sandy," she said. "I'll get you a mug." With that she and some of her fairies disappeared into the darkness of the kitchen.

Pitch turned his gaze to Sandy. "You can put that away now," he growled.

Sandy nodded and pushed his middle finger down, only to have it pop back up. He pushed it down again, only to have it slowly rise back into its former position. He gave Pitch a mock apologetic look, shrugging his shoulders.

Pitch scoffed, turning away.

A bit later, Tooth returned with the mugs and they all sat around the fire once again. "Soâ€¦Ombric," Tooth asked carefully. "Why did Jack first start going to Berk?"

Ombric looked down, starrng into the flames. "Thatâ€¦you will have to ask Jack for yourself."

## 9. Chapter 9

### Chapter 9

Time swirled around Jack as he jumped into Ombric's Time Machine, closing his eyes and letting himself relax. He had made this trip before; he knew where time would carry him. As he soared back through the centuries, an old memory came to him, and in the capsule of time, he experienced a flashed back to one of his earliest memories of being Jack Frost.

Only a mere one year old since his death in the frozen lake, Jack opened his heavy eyes after a long, exhausting blink. He was slumped against the wall of a building located on the corner of the little town he had called home. He watched the people bustle by, talking to each other, laughing with each other, fighting with each other, he watched it all. He had tried screaming, yelling, waving, none of which gave him the attention he yearned for. Some days he would step up to a group of men talking amongst themselves, and pretend that he was part of the conversation. But then he would say something, which was obviously unheard, and shatter the illusion. Now he just starred at them, hoping, praying that somebody would just see him. But after days of waiting and realizing how much faster time moved now, Jack Frost's desire to be seen was only rivaled by his desire to die. But soonâ€¦the rivaled desire took priority. Over his first year he had been approached by a couple of other 'Legends.' One of them stuck out, Father Time, Ombric the wizard. "Maybe," he thought. "If there was some way I could go back before I came out of that lake, and change timeâ€¦maybe I will never be born. Then at least I won't have to be stuck like this." Knowing that Ombric had the means to do such a thing, Jack pulled himself away from the wall, stumbling a few paces before letting the wind pick him up.

Breaking into Ombric's palace was not easy, but after weeks of tedious planning and attempts, he finally bypassed the system. Setting the Machine to a time where he could not have possibly have been born yet, Jack jumped inside, just as a confused and slightly angry Ombric burst into the room. Jack spun head over heel as he was hurled through time, and then pitched out on a cold, rocky bit of earth. He crashed to the ground, rolling a foot or two before coming to a stop. He groaned, placing his palms on the earth and pushing himself up, looking around. The Island of Berk was bleak and misty, but Jack didn't care he just wanted to make sure he was before his time. Getting to his feet, he jogged and then flew a ways up in the

air, until he saw the village and the large stone statues. "Norway?" he said under his breath, squinting. He was a little confused as to why it had sent him here, but it didn't matter, exploring was not the mission here. Landing on the ground, he scanned the area around him until he heard the sound of some grunting and calling. Frowning, he crept through the woods, seeing a group of kids. The one little girl, blond and determined looking was throwing a series of small daggers into a tree. Two others, a pair that looked like twins, were wrestling. The only other kids there were was a large boy picking on an even larger boy, seemingly for the sport of it. "Ok kids," Jack said, his eyes tired. "Let's see if you can give me a reason." He walked into the midst of the group. "Hey," he said, waving slightly. The girl kept throwing daggers, the twins kept wrestling, and the other boys kept arguing. Jack cleared his throat, getting right in one of the twins faces. "How's the fight coming?" he asked. But the boy didn't even acknowledge him, going back to fighting with his sister. Jack's shoulders lowered, and heaving a sigh, he walked away from them, scooping up one of the blond girl's daggers as he went by.

It was only after Jack was out of ear shot that Tuffnut shoved away his sister, and looked over at Astrid. "Hey," he said. "What was up with that funny looking guy?"

"What funny looking guy?" Astrid asked. "I was a little busy," she bent down to pick up her last dagger, and saw that it wasn't there.

"The one who took your dagger, duh," Ruffnut replied.

"He took my dagger?!" Astrid exclaimed. "Why didn't you say anything?!"

"Because we were practicing our technique of pretending that somebody didn't exist," Tuffnut said. "It helps when you don't want to do chores."

Further into the woods, Jack knelt behind a bridge, grasping the knife tightly. He didn't know if this would work. But at the very least he would feel something, anything, it didn't matter what. He choked slightly as a sob escaped him and he rubbed a sleeve across his eyes, looking up at the Moon, which was just barely visible in the day light. "Please!" he said, a tear running down his cheek. "Just tell me!" but there was only silence and Jack once again turned to the knife. His heart beating, he put the tip of the knife to his neck, letting out a small whimper, and pulling it back slightly.

"Trolls," he heard, and stopped dead.

He gasped, one last year dropping from his cheek. He glanced upwards and saw little ten year old Hiccup. He dropped the knife. There was no way he was going to kill himself next to a kid, no matter how invisible he was. "Well," Jack thought to himself. "May as well try one more time." Climbing up on to the edge of the bridge, he looked down at the small boy, and then spoke. "You know if you're looking for trolls..." he said, floating down and landing behind him. "You might want to get some billy goats!"

## 10. Chapter 10

### Chapter 10

Jack opened his eyes, smiling at the memory. He had stayed in Berk for six months after that, talking with Hiccup, playing with him, and had even attempting to teach him how to throw a snowball. Feeling his journey through the Time Machine ending, Jack stabilized himself as he was shot out of the portal, landing on his feet. It was night time in Berk, large snowflakes drifted lazily from the clouds above. And silent, the whole place was very, very silent. Looking around casually, Jack walked down the stone paths, and frowned, seeing some buildings that were in the middle of being repaired. "The war with the dragons is over right," Jack murmured to himself. "Why are there chunks blown out those houses?" Upon closer examination of the area around him, Jack saw that festival decorations and stands were still set up, but abandoned for the evening. "Clearly something good has happened," Jack said with a small smile, and then thought of Astrid. "Ooh," he said, a smirk coming to his face. "That sly dog," he said. "He must have gotten himself hooked without me," he began jogging up towards the main hall. "Maybe it's still going on, that'll be a blastâ€¦" His words faltered, seeing the dark of the main hall, and then seeing a lone figure standing off to the side of it, his back to him. Glancing down, Jack saw the prosthetic leg and smile, but then it faded. Squinting, he carefully walked forward, tilting his head to listen.

Twenty year old Hiccup had his head ducked low, his teeth gritting, and tears streaming slowly down his face. "I'm trying," he choke, nearly silent in the night. "But I can't hold it in all the time Dad. I'm sorry, but I still have to come crying to you, like a little kid."

"Hiccup?" Jack asked quietly, and the newly appointed Viking chief turned around, his eyes widening his surprise.

"Jackâ€¦" he breathed.

"What's happened here?" Jack said, looking around and taking a step forward. "Why are youâ€¦" he stopped looking up. Looming over Hiccup's head was a giant stone statue of his father, Stoik the Vast. It as an honorable piece of art, which Jack unfortunately knew was only honored to those who were dead. "Oh noâ€¦" he breathed, looking back at Hiccup.

Hiccup's lips tightened as fresh tears welled in his eyes. "Well you're right on time Jack," he said, his voice breaking. "Sorry I'm such a mess," he tried to tease, giving a weak smile that quickly faded into an expression of total grief.

Jack quickly ran forward, embracing his friend, who hugged him back tightly. Jack shook his head as he pulled away slightly. "Hiccupâ€¦what happened?"

Hiccup inhaled slowly. "Drago," he said. "Drago Bludvestâ€¦killedâ€¦my Dad."

Jack cupped Hiccup's face. "Who is Drago Bludvest?" he asked carefully.



Hiccup carefully took Jack's wrist, turning away and leading him up the hill that led to his house. "Come on," he said. "I'll tell you, and there are a few people I think it's time you met."

Jack followed him, only looking back to see the snow slowly forming along the cracks of the great statue of the village's former chief.

\*\*\*At the Pole, Pitch stared into the fading coals of North's fire, the cup of hot chocolate sitting idly beside him, he glanced up at the others who were talking, and then thought of Jack. If five years really had past, and if Hiccup really was twenty by the time Jack got back to Berk, then Pitch could not help but wonder how Jack would handle the changes, and the awful truths that would follow. He dismissed the thought with the shake of his head, smiling quietly, and sliding his tongue over his lips once. "And some thingsâ€¦" he murmured quietly. "I would rather keep to myself."

His head raised, his yellow eyes gleaming in the dark. "For know."

## 11. Epilogue

### Epilogue

"\_Dear reader:\_

\_There really is no wrap up for each individual of this story, unlike what I did in my last fanfiction. However I want to once again thank you for reading this story all the way through. A very special thanks to the people who, despite me not updating, not editing, and downright nearly giving up on this story entirely, stuck with it and continued to wait patiently for me to finish.\_

\_There are a lot of ideas and big projects I have that are forever changing, so I won't be listing themâ€¦save for one. I made this short story so that I could set the ground works for the sequel and finishing third book in the War of the Guardians series. Although I highly doubt that these books will be nearly as long as it's first, they still should be substantial enough for a good read.\_

\_However, it will be a while till I can write these fanfictions, since I will be waiting until the release of How to Train Your Dragon 3, and the wrap up of Supernatural's 10\_\_th\_\_ season, before I begin writing.\_

\_Thanks for being such a great support. Naturally it would be cool of you to share/recommend my stories, since it is a lot of fun hearing from people and getting their thoughts and comments. If you have any questions about my future plans go ahead and send me a message, I will always answer."\_

\_Mortimer Graves. \_

End  
file.